The MARSH

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS
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Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal New figures, is made a Chevaller of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francois visits General Barron Gaspard Gourgaud, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A sedier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigna. The general offers Francois a home at the Chateau. The boy refuses to leave his parenta, but in the end becomes a copyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis son while the former goes to America. The Marquis before leaving for America asked Francois to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francois goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi des leaving Pietro and Francois meet a strange boy who proves to be Prince Louis Napoleon. Francois save his life. The general discovers Francois loves Alixe, and extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between the girl and Pietro. Francois goes to Italy as secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francois lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Francois is a prisoner of the Austrians for five years in the castle owned by Pietro hear from Francois and plan his rescue. Francois as a guest of the Zappis. Francois as a guest of the Zappis. Francois receives a note from Pietro explaining in detail how to escape from his prison. Alixe awaits him on horseback and leads him to his friends on board the American salling vessel, the "Lovely Lucy." Francois as a guest of the Sappis.

CHAPTER XXI.

Hero Worship.

It had come about that Lucy Hampton was a scholar of Francois. The and loved indeed, because he was lame colonel, lamenting on a day that there and her cousin, and because he was were no capable teachers of French in a dear boy and her best friend. But the neighborhood, that Lucy's school- as the hero of her own romance to girl command of the language was come, she refused to think of him at fast disappearing, and an accomplish- all. More firmly she refused such an ment so vital to a lady was likely soon idea, of course, because her father 'o be lost-this saga of regret being had hinted that it would complete both sung by the colonel at the dinner-table, Harry's and his happiness. François had offered to teach mademsiselle his mother tongue. And the colonel had accepted the offer.

not quarrel about the terms, for whatextremely generous.

"Father!" Lucy cried quickly. François' eyes were on his plate but they swept up with their wide brown gaze full on the colonel's face. "I am

not too busy, Monsieur the Colonel. structed. I was for years at Saint-Cyr, the great military school of France, I believe my accent is right. As for money"-a quick motion, all French, spoke a whole sentence. "If Monsieur insists on that-that must finish it. To me it would be impos-

of teaching mademoiselle." He dashed at Lucy a smile all gentleness, and Lucy's eyes, waiting for that smile, met his shyly.

The colonel blustered a bit, but the tessons were arranged as Francois wished, twice a week throughout the winter he rode over from Carnifax to give them. And little by little he came to know the small mistress of the magor as few had known her. People thought Lucy Hampton too serious and



Lucy Stood in the Doorway.

staid for a young girl; no one realized that, her mother being dead and her father such as he was, the clear-headed little person had begun at ten or twelve years old to know that she must make her own decisions, and a seer of visions. many of her father's also. At fourteen she had taken the keys and the responsibilities of the house, and now, of the whole great plantation. The forehead. colonel, who would have been most indignant to be told so, leaned on her in every detail, and it was she who

All this lay on the slender shoulders of Lucy Hampton, and besides all this she had begun in very childhood to frank admiration in every muscle of the girl in the deep chair smiled, but another Bonaparte," he cried, thrilled hold up the hands and do the thinking his face. He smiled, the same gentle the man sprang up and put the log through with the words which he reof an incompetent father. It was not amused smile with which he had ad- back in place with quick efficiency, peated, wonderful that she was graver and dressed the portrait. "You never talk He stood slient by the tall mantelslower to frolic than other girls of too much for me, Mademoiselle. It piece, deep yet in his reverle, as the sixteen. Her conscientious young is a pleasure to me always to hear flames caught the wood again and that is why you are really Chevaller brain was full of care, and light-heartedness of youth had never had a
chance to grow in that crowded place.
Her cousin had come to live with them

ago; and Lucy knew quite well that talk English. That is breaking the her father had planned that the two law, you remember, Mademoiselle." him, Monsieur?" she asked again. should marry and unite the broad She answered very prettily in his The alert figure stepped backward, acres of the Hamptons.

which was in her in spite of the chok- do my best." He still gazed at her Francois nodded as if to the fire. "But belled at this. She would not give understand that, to a girl of more per. herself as well as all her thought and self-contained people, this open homeffort for Roanoke. She wanted to age of manner, this affectionate genlove somebody, and be loved for her- tleness, might seem to mean more It couldn't be"-she hesitated-"yourself as other girls were; she would than a brotherly loyalty. The girl's self! If you, whom I know so well, not marry Harry because he and her pulse was beating fast as she made an should have seen the Emperor!" She father considered it a good arrange effort for conversation. "What were caught a deep breath of excitement. ment. So strongly had this determi- you thinking of as you looked at the This was another Lucy Hampton from nation seized her that, looking entire- fire when I came in, Monsieur? It the serious young mistress of Roanoke ly down that way of thought, she had an air of being something pleas. House whom the country people knew. failed to see that Harry might not be ant. Did I not say all that beauticlassed with the colonel in his view fully?" she finished in English. of the plan. She failed to see that if He corrected a lame verb with serishe had not been helress to Roanoke ous accuracy and she repeated the House, or to anything at all, Harry Hampton would still have been in love with his cousin Lucy. For Harry saw how the young life had been pressed into a service too hard for it almost hers. "It was of my old home in which she seemed, of all sentiments, from babyhood; Harry saw how un- France, Mademoiselle, when I was oftenest to inspire in him, he did not selfish she was and trustworthy; how broad-minded and warm-hearted; how she would like to be care free and irresponsible like other girls of her age, only that the colonel and the estate were always there, always demanding her time and her attention. He could do little to help her as yet, but he longed to lift the weight and carry it with her, not away from her, for the fairy of a person was not the sort to lean on others or to be happy without her share of the burden. Yet, Harry thought, "If I might only help her, and make it all a delight instead of a labor!"

But Lucy, going about her busy days, never guessed this. She thought of Harry as the boy whom she had grown up with, to be cared for tenderly always because of his misfortune, to be helped and planned for

Francois, with quick insight, saw as much as this, and was anxious for the boy who had been his warm and always a fire at your house?" "If you are not too busy, Chevalier. steady friend. What he did not see And I suppose your—ah—accent—is was that Luck was fitting his own course, in the summer. It was of the those words shall lead it to the fate entirely good? One can not be too personality into that empty notch of winter time I thought, when the neigh which they foretold." sareful, you know. At least we shall her imagination where an altar stood and a candle burned, ready for the about the hearth, sometimes twenty the girl, impressed with awe. ever money you think right to ask I image that was to come above them. people, each at his different duty, and in spite of Pietro, in spite of his whole- in that old farm-house of ours, in the ed dramatically. "Those were the percur!" hearted giving up of her, there was a shadow of the Jura Mountains?" happy obstinate corner in the depths As for my accent—I am a peasant, as against all reason that it might be to Europe. I am sure I shall speak Monsieur knows, but yet I am in- that Alixe loved him, that it might better French for going to France for be, for unheard-of things happened every day, it might be yet that-with French people, your friends. Wait looked bewildered. "I don't underothers whom he loved-he might some turned a deep chair so that it faced vible to take money for the pleasure he did for Alixe came ever into his she settled back with her little feet mind.

> House for his scholar. The room had une histoire," she spoke softly, a sweet and stately beauty, a graceful stiffness like the manners of the years before. The carved white woodnymphs and shepherds, as if under protest, the rollicking orange of the fire. Over a mahogany sofa, covered with slippery horsehair, hung a portrait of the first lady of the manor and Francois, sitting soldierly erect in a straight chair, smiled as his gaze fell on it-it was so like yet so unlike a face which he knew. There was the delicate oval chin and straight nose, and fair, loose hair. But the portrait was staid and serious, while Lucy's face, as this man had seen it, had kindly eyes and a mouth smiling always. He shook his head in gentle amusement at the grave dignity of the picture.

said, addressing it aloud.

And then he stepped across the room to the fire, and held his hands to it and stared into it. The clock ticked firmly, the logs fell apart with soft came into his eyes as if they concentrated on something beyond the range of eight, the characteristic look of Francois, the old look of a dreamer, of

Then Lucy stood in the doorway, gentle, charming from the slippered feet, locked over the instep to the at sixteen, she was in reality the head shadowy locks of light hair on her

"Good evening, Monsieur, 1 am sorry I kept you waiting. Hannibal hurt his foot and I must find plaster planned and decided and often execut- and bandage for him. But you will his tale." ed the government of the little king- have enough of my talking even now. Father says I talk a great deal. Do

I. Monsleur?" Francois stood regarding her, with

| only the year before, when his mother | not wipe out. "Only," he went on | The Frenchman turned a queer had died, his father being dead long speaking in French, "one must not look on her, and did not answer.

own tongue, in words that halted a sat down again on the gilded chair But the young longing for romance little. "Very well, Monsieur. I will and leaned forward consideringly.

> word, and laughed happily. "But you haven't said yet what you were thinking about."

yourself!"

answer.

'Yes, Madamoiselle," he answered.

"Monsieur! you will not refuse

"Mademoiselle asks many questions-

of love, and she trembled to hear it.

mered and flushed, and stopped,

"Answer"-she began, and stam-

Francois went on, little thinking

what damage he was doing with that

unconscious charm of voice and look.

certainly. I will even answer Ma-

demoiselle's two questions at once to

please her. It was when I was not

quite three years old, Mademoiselle,

ley of the Jura."

selle.

self? Are you sure?"

at home in the farm-house in the val-

"But yes, he spoke to me, Mademo!

were the word

CHAPTER XXII.

The Story Again.

intensity, mistaking its meaning. "I

The girl leaning forward, watched

him; with a gasp she spoke. "Then-

right to-to knight you?"

words the Emperor said."

thing," he said in a low tone,

"to 'only you.'

"It is as Mademoiselle wishes, most

you? What did he say to you?"

The large brown eyes turned



Stretched Out His Arm as If to Hold a Sword.

very little," he said simply. "A large Francois' face went out and into its fire of logs makes me think of that." "Tell me about it," she begged with he answered solemnly: "There were quick interest. "Will you? Was there but few words, Mademoiselle, but they

"But no, Mademoiselle-not, of shall lead my life, if God pleases, lation. And, in spite of the seigneur, selle really wish to hear how it was under another Napoleon," he repeat-

"Indeed, Mademoiselle wishes it." of his soul which yet whispered she assured him. "It will be a trip ten minutes, and being among the all honor, with all happiness to those now, till I am comfortable." She stand." day be free to love her. So that as him, and dropped into it. "Put a foothe grew to care for and understand stool for me," she ordered, as south-Lucy Hampton more and more, no ern women order the men they care faintest dream of caring for her as for-and the men they do not. And girl. on it and smiled at him. For a mo- went on as if reflecting aloud, "It is wearing away to cold spring. Francois on her and the girl saw it, and thrilled story; yet I may tell it"—he paused waited in the dining-room of Roanoke to it. "Now, Monsieur, racontez-moi

Francole Beaupre's look turned from her to the fire, and the air of gazing should be glad if you would tell it," women who first lived in it, a hundred at something far away came again. she spoke almost in a whisper, but "It is a picture I see as I think of Francois, floating backward on a work over the doors was yellowed to that time of my childhood," he began, strong tide to those old beloved days, ivory; the mantelpiece, brought from as if speaking to himself. "A picture did not notice. France in 1732, framed in its fluted many times painted in homelike col- "It may seem a simple affair to you. pillars, its garlands and chiseled ors on my brain. Many a night in the Mademoiselle—I can not tell that. It winter I have sat, a little boy, by the has affected my life. The way of it side of my grandmother, at that great was this: Napoleon marched to Gerhearth, and have looked and have seen many in the year 1813, and passed all the faces, have heard all the voices | with his staff through our village. The ning-wheel whirring, even as I see in the village, and it was chosen to them and hear them tonight.

"And from time to time one of the quarters, and the Emperor held a men, as he talked, rose up and strode

throat and began-" ing'-and then he was launched on I have told you."

and shepherds seemed to frown in

The glance of the brilliant eyes met

in abeyance, a right."

with a frank calmness which showed that he claimed nothing which plaisir de vous revoir," he said, and he did not feel; that this haphasard was gone. nobility had lived in his soul and grown with his growth, and come to be part of him. With a gentle humility, very winning as it sprang from his gentle pride, he went on. "I know, Mademoiselle, that I am a

led the question, and I believe that the I moiselle has talked enchantingly wer accolade-the knighting-was always this evening, but I have perhaps talk-

a right of the monarchs of France, ed too much. I may have tired Maddisused, perhaps at times, but yet held emoiselle. I have the honor to wish

peasant and that I must be content with a small place in life at the pres-"Did any of your family ever see itated, and then in a few words told which was in her in spite of the chok- do my best. He still gazed at her ing sober business of her life, resmiling, without speaking. One could yes, Mademoiselle," he said, in a whish and as he talked he remembered how. naces, of many luxuries and few com-"Oh, tell me!" the girl cried, all ininside the bare, little, new cottage and terest. "Who was it? How was it? watched through the window his mother standing at the gate and talking to the seigneur, who held Lisette's bridle. It seemed to him he could see the dark braided hair of La Claire, coiled around her head, and the deep point of her white neck-handkerchief as she stood with her back to him, "Quickly, Monsieur, tell me if it was and the big bow of the apron tied about her waist. The picture came Francols turned his eyes on her. vividly. And it opened his heart so that he talked on, and told this strang-"You have seen Napoleon!" she er in a strange land many things that said, and then, impetuously, "Tell ma had lain close and silent in his heart. about it!" But, though he smiled at He told her about the general's gruffher with that affectionate amusement ness, which could not hide his goodness; and how he had come to be the child of the castle as well as of the cottage; something of Pietro also he told her: but he did not mention Alixe. tell me when I want to know so "You spoke of three children, Monmuch!" she pleaded, and went on. sieur; who was the third?" asked

"How old were you? Did he speak to Lucy Francois went on as if he had not And the Frenchman laughed as if heard the question. "It was a happy at a dear child who was absurd. life, Mademoiselle," he said. "And it has been so ever since-even, for the which shall I answer?" he demanded. most part, in prison. I have wondered and the tone to her ear was the tone at times if the world is all filled with such kind people as I have met, or if it is just my good luck."

Lucy Hampton had been reading aloud to her sick black mammy that day, and some of the words of the book she had read came to her, and seemed to fit. "The kingdom of God and was tried for it-and all that-father talked about it so much I could not help knowing a little about it, but I don't remember distinctly."

"But certainly, Mademoiselle. was the prince. "And he spoke to you, to your own "Then, haven't they just done some-

thing to him? Isn't there something people are interested in just now about that Prince Louis?"

"What did he say?" The smile on The grave bright smile flashed out at her. "In truth, Mademoiselle, place swept an intensity of feeling; there is. The prince was shipped by his jailers on the frigate Andromede more than four months ago, for what have been much to my life. They port is unknown. One has not heard of him lately, and there are fears that he may have suffered shipwreck. But I do not fear. It is the hope of France, it is France's destiny which the An-Francois suddenly stood erect and dromede carries. It will carry that That never entered his mind, for in my brothers and sisters were there, stretched out his arm as if to hold a great cargo safely. The young prince felt himself a man of the world and his mind Alixe was the only woman and the dear grandmere, was there sword. "Rise Chevalier Francols will yet come to his own, and I—and living to be considered in such a real and—" he stopped. "Does Mademoi- Beaupre, one day a Marshal of France perhaps you, Mademoiselle—who knows?-will cry for him 'Vive l'Em-

> The tone full of feeling thrilled through the girl. She flushed and stammered as she went on, but Francois, carried away by his enthusiasm. did not think of it. "If you will let The girl, her face lifted to him, me ask just one question more, Monsieur, I will promise not to ask any after.

The flicker of amusement lighted The visionary eyes stared at her uncertainly. "I have never told this his face. "Ask me a thousand, Mademoiselle.

"No, only one. Did that seigneur-"Ah-but it's only me," begged the "Only you, Mademoiselle!" His voice any-any daughter?"

guage at the end of a lesson.

中山田田 Eggit.

Is Pointed Out by Writer in Magazine.

be, for an hour, the Emperor's headcouncil of war, he and his generals, across the room to the great oak table there. I, a child of three, was sleep- They are entering "the strong, flour- particularly ours, while the work that where lay always on a wooden plate ing in a room which opened from ishing, and beautiful age of man's we put our hearts into is not recoga long loaf of black bread, with a the great room, and I wakened with life." They decree the changes. The nized or rewarded. But in the strugknife, and always a glass and a bottle the sound of voices, and ran-in, un- map of the world may be rolled up- gle for spiritual existence we adapt of eau-de-vie-brandy. And I remem- noticed, for they were all bent over every acre tramped upon and inhab- ourselves to the unappreciative feaber how manly it looked to me, watch- the table, looking at the maps and ited. But still they come, claiming all tures of our environment and learn ing, when I saw him take the loaf lists of the mayor-and I pulled at the the rights of the adventurer and pio- to look elsewhere for recognition. We under his arm and hold it, and slice sword of Marshal Ney. And the mar- neer. Domains must be found for do not expect people to pay us for our off boldly a great piece of the fresh shal, turning quickly, knocked me them if the old earth has gone stale. best. We look to the approval of charming as your granddaughter," he rye bread, and pour out a glass of over. I cried out, and my grand- If the life of danger and discovery is conscience, to the light of our ideal brandy and toss it off as he ate the mother ran to me, and I have often ended, then they will turn their hand seen more clearly when our work is bread. The stories seemed to grow heard her tell how she peeped from against our secure world and refash- good, or to the judgment of God. Our better after the teller had done that. the door under the shoulder of the big ion the pleasant places. They will terms differ more than our tenden-"And always I waited, even through sentry who would not let her pass, uproot tradition and shatter the insti- cles. The essential point is that for the tale of the ghost and the fire- and how she saw a young general tutions. We should like them better appreciation of our best work we lock breathing hound, till the talk should pick me up and set me on my feet, if they fitted into our scheme, if they to a judge more just and keen-sightthem—his thoughts far away—a look swing round, as it did ever toward and how all the great officers laughed were ruddy and cheery and ended ed than our paymaster.—Richard C. the end, to the stories of Napoleon when he said that the sword was in there. But they come earnest and Cabot, in the Atlantic. that were fresh in men's minds in contest between Marshal Ney and me. critical. They jeer at our failures, those days. It was as if I sat on And how, then, the young general sug. reject our compromises. It isn't our needles before my bedtime came, yet gested that, to settle the point amic- idea of youth our peaceful picture of

> Thing Never Paid For. ight to—to knight you?"
>
> "But yes. Mademoiselle." Francois notice Even a mediocre amateur mucold her temper is apt to remain as apawared with decision. "I have stud- sician knows that the best parts of hot as ever.—Philadelphia Record

His heels together, he stood in the doorway and made his bow. "Au CHAPTER XXIII. The Prince Comes. The glittering morning sunlight of

you a good evening."

late March flooded the eastern diningroom of Roanoke house. A fire blazed on the hearth; hot dishes steamed ent. I know this. And even that on the table: the girl's face the crackposition which I have is more than ling fire, the polished silver reflected my brothers. For you must know, from polished mahogany; the soft Mademoiselle, that the others grew up shod, solicitous service of a whiteto be farmers or tradesmen." He hes aproned negro; all this made the room fragrant with homeliness in her of General Gourgaud, the seigneur spite of the fact that one could see of Vicques, and how he had given the one's breath in the air. But they peasant boy all the opportunities were used to it-the hardy Virginians which his own son could have had. of those days of open fires and no furafter his father's ruin, he had stood forts, and in happy ignorance of world progress, they suffered cheerfully and

were strong Colonel Henry Hampton faced a portrait of the first Hampton of Roanoke, stately with brass buttons and silver lace, set in the panels seventy-five years before. Lucy had concluded her broiled chicken and bacon and hot bread, and now as he, late for breakfast always, followed in her wake, he read the Norfolk and Portsmouth Herald with which a colored boy had that morning ridden out from Norfolk, eight miles away. It was before the time of daily papers, except in a large city or two, and this of once a week was an event; a boy was sent to Norfolk the day before its publication that the colonel might have it at the earliest moment.

"How would you like to see a live prince, Lucy?" he inquired. "The Hereld states that we have one with us, not ten miles from Roanoke. Prince Louis Napoleon was landed from the Andromede, in Norfolk, only yesterday. Poor young man," he went on condescendingly, "he has no money, I understand, and here he is stranded in a strange country with his fortune to make, and no assets but a title. It's little that will help him in the states!"

Colonel Hampton glanced over to see if she were listening to his words of wisdom; he liked an attentive audience. He was enchanted with her expression. She had dropped knife and fork and, with her blue eyes stretched wide, her white teeth shining was drinking in his sentences.

"Father! Is Prince Louis in Norfolk? How can it be? Monsieur Beaupre was talking to me about him last night, and he did not dream of his coming here. Surely he would have known if the prince were expected."

Colonel Hampton smiled sarcastically. "You will find that your father occasionally knows more than even Monsieur Beaupre, and even on French questions, I may add," he announced, from a mountain height. "But in one point you are right, my dear. The prince was not expected by any one, not even by the great Chevalier Beaupre. He was exiled from France, as you may or may not know, some four and a half months ago, on account of his attempt on Strasburg, and was sent out on the Andromede, with sealed orders. No one knew his destination until he landed, on the twenty-eighth, in Norfolk. There"-the colonel got up and walked to the fireplace and stood with his back to the blaze, and his legs far apart, masterfully. "There, my dear, I have given you a dose of history for a female mind. How are you going to amuse your little self today?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dreadful. "Mercy, child!" exclaimed Mrs.

that General Gourgaud-did he have Harlem. "I never would have believed my little boy could use such The Frenchman rose in a business- language. Been playing with bad On an evening when winter was ment the man's brilliant gaze rested the guiding star of my life—that like way, the way of a teacher of lan-children again, haven't you?" "No'm," replied her little boy. "Teddy Bacon "One," he answered briefly in a mat- and I have been playing with a par-Again the girl quivered, feeling the ter-of-fact tone. And then, "Made rot his uncle sent him from Chicago."

another Bonaparte," he cried, thrilled less track.—Collier's Weekly.

Anyone who does his work well or gets satisfaction out of it, puts himself into it. Moreover he does things Beaupre? Did the Emperor have the that he cannot be given credit for,

WAY FOR THE YOUNG MEN! his playing, his personal tributes to the genius of the composer whom he and the fire crackling, and the spin- house of my father was the largest Condition That Must Be Recognized plays, are heard by no one but himself and "the God of things as they and ask about my wife and da kids. are." There might be bitterness in the thought that in our work we get Clear the way for the young men. paid or praised only for what is not

HI Falled to Come Up. Hi Larity treated his peg leg to a I did not dare to be restless and move ably, the marshal should draw his want youth should be. Poets sing it handsome coat of white paint one day about for fear that my mother might sword and give me the accolade—the as if it were a pretty thing, the gentle this week, after which he painted send me suddenly to bed. But I always blow of knighting. And so, Mademoi- possession of a golden race of beings. Inches and half inches on it and has gave a sigh of content and always the selle, to shorten the tale, it was not But it is lusty with power and disas- since been using it a measuring by means equal to his conceit was grand-mere patted my head softly to the marshal, but the Emperor himself trous to comfort. Men sigh for it as stick when digging postholes and dohear it, when my father cleared his who chose to do it. He made me if it had vahished with old Japan at ing other work. Our road overseer of his work. kneel before him, I- a baby-and he the hour when it is romping in their came along a few days later and placed "There is a small thing that hap struck my shoulder the blow of the courtyard and challenging their dear a white pole in the creek with inches pened when the Emperor was march- accolade, and said the words which beliefs. They are wistful for it in and half inches painted on it so teamtheir transfigured memory, and they sters can tell when the creek is too Francois sprang to his feet and curse it in their councils, for youth high to ford. Link Lollop passed that A great hickory log fell, rolled out stood as he repeated once more the never is what the elders would have way shortly after and found Simp toward the hearth. The carved nymphs | Emperor's words. His voice shook. | it. It does unacceptable things, while | Summers staring at the pole most in-"'Rise Chevaller Francois Beaupre, age stands blinking and sorrowful. It tently. Link asked him what he was disapproval at this irregularity, and one day a Marshal of France under is unruly, turbulent power on its end- watching. "Twe been settin" here nearly an hour," Simp replied, "waitin' to see what Hi's divin' after, but hit seems like hit takes him a long time to come up."-Kansas City Star.

Queer how things even themselves

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STOMACH HAS LONG MEMORY

But Here Is Proof That There Are Other Things Which Some People Cansider of Moment.

It's the full dinner plate and the glad hand that makes the assimilation of the foreigner a hasty matter in America, according to Prof. E. A.

Steiner. "The stomach has a long memory," said he. "Given a condition in which three squares a day are furnished and the assimilation problem is nine-

tenths solved." But it isn't all a matter of appetite and supply, Steiner says. The other tenth of the solution lies in America's

manners. "I saw some immigrants on a pier in Italy waiting to take the steamer for this country," said he. "They had been here before. That was evident at a glance. So I asked the man why he was going back?

"'In Pittsburgh, said he, 'de boss he knock-a me on da should'. ""Hello, Mike," he say, "how's Misses Mike and all da littla Mikes, hey?"

"'Now I gotta gooda home here. But no one he knocka me on he should' So I go back to Pittsburgh.'

Motes and Beams.

George Ade, over a cup of afternoon tea with a group of cynical bachelors at the Chicago Athletic club, said: "Married men declare that their

wives can't keep a secret, but these men themselves are just as bad. "A married man buttonholed me in the billiard room an hour ago and told

me a frightful scandal. "'Don't let this go any further, George, he ended.

"'No, certainly not,' said I. 'But how did you happen to hear it?" "'Oh, the wife, of course,' he an-

swered. 'She's just like all womencan't keep a secret."

Untouched Subject.

In L'Esprit des Français is an instance of the sharp, biting wit for which Alexis Piron, the French epigrammatist, was famous.

A young author whose ability was discoursing at length upon the merits "I am tired of writing of that which

others write of," he said. "I want to create an original work, something that no one has ever written about or ever will write about.'

Piron turned quickly to the speaker. "Why not write your own eulogy?" he said .- Youth's Companion.

Towed Home. Redd-Do you use a motor car or a horse-drawn vehicle? Greene-Some days I use both.

They Certainly Are. Patience-After the tange, what? Patrice-Why, the critica; they're after it, all right.